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The Little Seed.

THITTLE seed, in my garden bower
I have made a little grave for you,
Down in the ground, narrow and deep,
There you may lie and softly sleep,
Far away from the sun and dew,
'Till God's hand shall reach down to you,
And make out of the seed, a flower.

How He does it, I do not know,
It is very strange,
A wonderful change,
'Tis true, for mother told me so ;
I put a seed in the damp, brown mould,
I leave it there in the dark and cold,
And God brings up a flower.

Mother, you know when they put away
Our darling babe, but yesterday,
Deep away from your loving eyes,
Was the little babe God's angel seed?
They told me an angel bright should rise,
And float away to the shining skies,
Is it true, dear mother, indeed?
Does God make flowers and angels so
How He does it, I do not know.

Then, O, dear mother, do not weep,
For the little one you laid to sleep,
God's precious angel seed ;
For the baby souls are God's dear flowers
Shining and sweet in heavenly bowers.
His smile is on them there,
And there is no wind, or worm, or weed,
To spoil their blooming fair.
I must make better speed
Planting my little seed,
I long to see the joyful hour
When God shall raise my flower.

— ♦ ♦ ♦ —
“A generous foe, a faithful friend—
A victor bold, here met his end.
He conquered both in war and peace ;
By death subdued, his glories cease.
Ask'st thou, who finished here his course
With so much honor?—'Twas a horse,”

For the Myrtle

Grandma's Story.



NOW Grandma,”
said Willie,
“please tell us
the story you
promised us.”

“Are you sure
I promised to tell
you a story?”
asked Grandma.

“Why, yes in-
deed,” said Wil-
lie, “did not she,
Tommy?”

Tommy was
his younger
brother, and al-
though he was as
eager to hear the

story as Willie was, he answered rather heitatin-
glingly, that he believed Grandma said she would
tell them a story, if they were all very good
children, and if they would be very careful not
to trouble their mother, while their nurse was
sick.

“Well!” said Willie, “I have been as good
as I could be all day. I brought up two armfuls
of wood for the nursery fire, and mother said I
helped her a good deal by rocking the baby to
sleep.”

“And I brought up a basket of chips,” said
Tommy.

“And I helped mamma put the cloth on the
table,” said Mary.

"And I helped her take it off," said little Susie.

"Yes," said Willie, "as soon as the dishes were taken away, Susie took hold of one corner of the cloth, and pulled it off on the floor."

"Oh," said Grandma, "that was not the right way. You should not have meddled with it at all."

"That is just what mother said," sobbed Susie.

"Well, never mind," said Grandma, "you all seem to have tried to do well;—now what kind of a story shall I tell you?"

"Please Grandma," said little Mary, "tell us a true story."

"Very well," said Grandma, "it shall be a true story. How old are you, Mary?"

"Almost six," answered Mary.

"And how old is Willie?"

"Me?" said Willie, "why Grandma, I am ten years old."

"Well then," said Grandma, "when I was about as old as Willie—"

"Why, what a little grandma you must have been," said Susie.

"What a little goose you are," said Willie, "little girls are never grandmothers, are they Grandma?"

"No indeed!" said Grandma. "But, as I was saying, when I was about as old as Willie, my mother sent me to the city on an errand; she gave me two cents to buy an orange—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Tommy, "I wish mother would send me on an errand, and give me two cents to buy an orange. Did your mother always give you two cents when you went on an errand?"

"No indeed!" replied Grandma, "but on that occasion, she gave me two cents for myself, and two cents to pay my toll over the bridge."

"What bridge?" asked Willie.

"Why," said Grandma, "there was a river between the city and the town where my father lived, and there was a bridge over the river, and every person that walked over the bridge was required to pay one cent; so I paid my toll and went over the bridge."

"Whom did you pay it to?" asked Willie.

"Why, at each end of the bridge there was a toll-house, and in each toll-house a man, who received the money from those who passed over the bridge. Soon after I had entered the city, I saw a poor man who had lost both his legs, and

he was holding out his hat to every one that passed by, in hopes that they would give him some money."

"Could not he find his legs again?" asked little Susie.

Willie and Tommy laughed loud and long at this question, but Grandma explained to her that he had been a soldier, and had been wounded in battle, and his legs had been so much shattered by a cannon ball, that the surgeons in the army had been obliged to cut them both off, above the knee.

"And so," continued Grandma, "he could not do anything to earn his living, and he was forced to beg. When I came to the place where he was, he spoke very pleasantly to me, but he did not ask me for money;—I suppose he thought I had none. I had a good mind to give him my two cents, but I wanted an orange very much, and if I gave him the money, I must go without the orange. So I stood a long time to hear him tell some gentleman how, and when, and where he was wounded, and after a while, one of them dropped a handful of coin into his hat, and then I thought he had money enough, and I concluded to keep my two cents, and so I left him, and went on."

"Did you buy the orange?" inquired Mary.

"I really do not remember," replied Grandma, "but I felt very much dissatisfied with myself, for I knew very well that I ought to have given my money to the poor man. When I got home, I told my mother about the man, and she asked me why I did not give him my two cents. I told her that I had almost determined to do so, but that I saw other people give him money, and I thought he would have enough without mine. 'Oh!' said she, 'I am sorry you did not give it to him; if you had done so, I would have given you four cents as soon as you came home.'"

"What a foolish little Grandma you were," said little Susie.

"Yes," said Grandma, "I thought so myself. My mother told me to remember that whenever I gave anything to the poor, I would always be sure to get, in one way or another, twice as much as I had given."

"Some years afterward, an incident occurred to me, which proved that what my mother had told me was true. I was then about sixteen years old, and as my father was poor, and an invalid, I found it necessary to do something to earn my own livelihood. I had found employ-

ment in the city, and I crossed over the bridge every morning to my work, and returned at night. I usually went home before it was dark. But one cold night in November, I had been detained in the city beyond the usual hour, and when I reached the bridge, I found that the toll-house at that end was closed for the night. It was very dark, and I was afraid to go over the bridge. However, there was no other way to get home, and so I began to run as fast as I could. The wind blew sharp and cold in my face, and almost took my breath away. But I hurried along, until I was about half way across the bridge, when I passed a group of persons, one of whom seemed to be crying with fatigue and cold.

"It was so dark that I could not determine whether they were men or women, but I knew that the voice which I had heard was that of a child, and as I passed rapidly by them, I could not help wondering why the child had been allowed to leave home on such a night as that.

"After I had got some distance beyond them, it occurred to me that perhaps I ought to go back and speak to them, and I stopped a moment to listen. The child was still crying, and a woman's voice was apparently trying to soothe and encourage him.

"I walked back to meet them, and found that they were stopping to let the child rest a little. There was a woman, a half grown girl, a girl about five years old, and an infant, which the woman was carrying in her arms. Besides the infant, the woman carried a large pack on her back, the girl also had a monstrous pack on her shoulders, and a large bundle in each hand. The little girl had a small doll in her hand.

"I asked the woman what was the matter with the child, and she told me she was cold and hungry, and very tired. I asked her whether I could assist her in any way, and she said she thought not, unless I could tell her of some farmer who would allow her and her children to sleep in his barn that night. I told her there was no farmhouse within two or three miles, but that when she got into the town, she could get a good supper, and a comfortable bed at the almshouse, and that would be much better than sleeping in a cold barn. She said she was afraid if she went to the almshouse, she would not be allowed to come out again. I told her she would not be wanted there a moment longer than she chose to stay, and that, in fact, she would not be

permitted to stay there long, even if she wished to do so. I told her, too, that I was well acquainted with the keeper of the house, and that I would go with her, and show her the way there, and in the morning, I would come up and see that she was allowed to come out.

"While this conversation was going on, I had taken the doll from the child's hand, and holding one of her poor, little, cold hands in mine, we had all walked on together. When we reached the toll-house, we all went in and warmed ourselves. The toll-house keeper asked the woman how far she had walked.

"She told him she did not know how far she had walked that day, but that she had walked most of the way from New York to Boston, the city she had just passed through. She had been many days on the way, and she was going to Freeport, in the State of Maine. She said that she and her husband had, a few months before, removed from Freeport to New York, where her husband had sickened and died soon after their arrival. She had been compelled to sell every thing she had, except her clothing, to pay the expenses of his sickness and burial, and then she had started on foot, with her three children, hoping to reach Freeport before the winter set in.

"On our way to the almshouse, the woman told me that the farmers who overtook her on her long journey, often gave her and her children a ride, for a few miles, and that helped them very much. When we reached the almshouse gate, I rang the bell, and when the porter opened it, I sent for the keeper, good Mr. Foster, and told him what the woman had told me. He spoke very kindly to her, and said he would see that she and her children were well cared for, and then I left them, after promising to come and see them off in the morning.

Accordingly, I went up early the next morning, and found them sitting on the steps, all ready to go, but they were waiting to see me before they went. They said Mr. Foster had given them a good supper, a warm bed, and a good breakfast, and they were all in high spirits. I gave them forty-five cents, which was all the money I had, and bade them good-bye, and I never saw nor heard from them again. That night when I left my work, I asked my employer for some money which he owed me, and he gave it to me, but by some mistake he gave me ninety cents too much. I called his attention to the

mistake, but for some cause he refused to rectify it, saying he thought likely it was about right as it was.

"Now, you see, children, that was just twice as much as I had given to the poor woman."

Neither of the children made any answer, and when Grandma put on her spectacles, she found that they were all sound asleep. *A. De G. G.*



For the Myrtle.

The Baker's Man.

HAT! "stop and have some fun?"
 Just stop me if you can!
 Why, don't you see, my son,
 That I'm the baker's man?
 Have I forgotten how?
 Well, what if I have not?
 I've other business now:—
 To sell my cakes while hot.
 "And what would be to pay,
 Suppose the cakes should cool?"
 A hundred lads to-day
 Go breakfastless to school;
 The housemaids fume and scold,
 The tables wait in vain;
 The mistress' looks are cold,
 The master's lips complain.
 The baker finds me out,
 And trusts my work no more;
 He turns my face about
 And drives me from the door.
 That's what would be to pay,
 My little rag-a-muff,
 If I should stop to play,—
 And is not that enough?
 If you should ever be,—
 Some day, perhaps, you will,—
 A baker's man like me
 With hungry mouths to fill,
 One lesson short and wise
 I'd teach you on the spot;
 If in the world you'd rise,
 Sell while your cakes are hot

H. A. B.

The Work Done *Inside.

One day a gentleman, who seems always to know how to do the best thing at the right time, was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, England, when he saw a drunken man lying by the door, on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment the gentleman hastened across the street, and entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said,—

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

The sheet of paper was soon procured.

"Now, will you lend me a piece of red chalk?" said he.

"Why, *whatever* are you going to do?"

"You shall see, presently."

He then quickly printed on the paper, in large letters,—

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

Then he fastened it right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passers by stopped and read aloud, "*specimen of the work done inside.*"

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, "Who did that?"

"Which?" asked the gentleman, who now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, *I did that*; but if you mean the MAN, *you did that*! This morning, when he arose, he was sober. When he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober. When he went into your gin shop, he was sober. And *now*, he is what *you* made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"

"JOHNNY," said a man, winking slyly to a lad of his acquaintance, "you must give extra measure; you master is not in."

Johnny looked solemnly into the man's face, and replied: "My Master is always in, sir."

Johnny's master was the all-seeing God. Let every one, when he is tempted, adopt little Johnny's motto; "My Master is always in."—*Heavenly Tidings.*



The Picture of Luther.

MARION and little Walter were at their uncle's house, where was a great library full of books, and here they spent many a rich hour.

Walter liked best the great, old books, full of pictures, that he found near the floor, and which he would place on the carpet, and sit down be-

fore, like a Turk on his rug, and amuse himself in the most silent way, the only noise being the turning of the thick leaves, as he went from one picture to another.

Once his cousin Winnefred found him tugging at a great, black-letter volume that neither he nor Marion could pull from its place. So she took it out for them, laid it on the table, and pro-

ceeded to show them the pictures. They were all about Martin Luther and his times.

Willie was especially interested in a great picture, called, "Luther before the Diet at Worms." "What does it mean?" said he to his cousin. "Do tell me about Luther."

Cousin Winnefred, who had read the whole book, told them the story of Luther before the Diet at Worms.

"Once upon a time," she began, "in a house in Germany, there sat several great men. There was Martin Luther, with his bold, determined look, holding in his hand a large paper which he was reading to his friends. Near him sat a younger man, whose name was Melancthon. Near Melancthon was sitting the Secretary to Prince Frederick, named Spalatin. There were also knights and learned doctors, all of whom were listening to Luther, while he read to them this paper:—" Then Winnefred read it from the book:

CHARLES, *by the grace of God elected Roman Emperor, always Augustus. &c., &c.*

Honourable, dear, and pious!

We and the States of the Holy Empire, having resolved to make an inquest touching the doctrine and the books which you have published for some time past, have given you our safe conduct, and that of the Empire subjoined. Our desire is that you immediately prepare for this journey, in order that, in the space of twenty-one days, you be here certainly, and without fail.

Have no apprehension either of injustice or violence, we expect that you will answer to our call.

Given at our imperial city of Worms, the sixth day of March, in the year of our Lord, 1521, and in the second of our reign.

CHARLES.

And, then, he read to them the "safe conduct," which you will understand was a promise that no one should hurt him.

Mar. I wonder who "Charles" was; and what he wanted to make inquiries for!

Win. I will tell you. Charles V. was the Emperor of Germany. The Pope and the Cardinals had been thinking of the best way to get Luther into their hands—so they had persuaded the Emperor to call a meeting, or "a Diet," as they called it, of the German princes, at Worms. There they wished to try Luther, and to condemn him to be burned.

It was the first diet in the reign of Charles V. Never before had so many princes met together.

So, when Luther read this letter from the Emperor to his friends, Melancthon, Spalatin, and others, what would they say? Why, perhaps they would say, "Stop at home. Don't go." They would say, "What is the use of a safe conduct? When Sigismund gave John Huss a

safe conduct, he was burned!" They *did* say so. They trembled lest Luther should be killed; and, as he happened to be very unwell, they said he had better wait.

But Luther, who knew that the God of Truth would go with him, had no fear. He said that if he could not walk he could be carried—and, although all men were troubled to think of what would become of him,—Luther, with the truth in his heart, was calm.

He set out for Worms, travelling through roads crowded with people who had come out to see him. On his way, when he stopped from illness, he preached in spite of the Pope, and the people listened. He went on again, and the crowd still followed to see the man who could go to be killed. Ah! they cried, there are so many cardinals and bishops at Worms, they will burn your body to ashes like that of John Huss! But still he went on.

At last he reached Worms; and, getting by force through the crowd, who moved to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea, he was brought into the hall, before the great assembly.

If you could have gone in with him, you would have seen a fine sight. At one end of the hall, dressed perhaps in splendid robes, sat kings, and princes. There sat Charles V., the emperor of the old and new world,—his brother, the Arch-duke Ferdinand, six electors, twenty-four dukes, eight margraves, thirty archbishops or bishops, seven ambassadors from kings, besides deputations from towns, counts, barons, and all kinds of nobles—in all, two hundred and four personages.

At the other end, dressed in the plain black frock of a monk, stood one poor man—Friar Martin.

When he saw the faces of these great men—he began to think to himself, "How shall I speak?" but his conscience whispered, "Why should you feel afraid? You have not done anything wrong!"

Soon the noise of the crowd outside ceased, and there was a solemn stillness through the hall.

A man called a Chancellor then stood up, and cried out—"Martin Luther! His sacred Majesty has summoned you before his throne to answer these two questions:

"1st, Were these books composed by you?

"2ndly, Do you mean to *retract* these books and their contents?"

Now "retract" means to draw back again; and if Luther were to turn back the words about Jesus Christ in these books, and were to say that they were not true, then all his labor would at once be lost.

When the titles of the books were read, Luther said *directly* that he had written them; but the second question he had a day to consider.

W. So that he might "weigh his words," I suppose.

Win. Yes; and because he might have made some mistakes in them; but he found that they were true. The next day came, and again he stood before the assembly.

He had to give them an answer that they would not like. He had to say something to the kings which would fill some of them with rage; and when he saw hundreds of eyes looking upon him, watching his mouth, and waiting for his words—then, he trembled once more. "Ah!" whispered his fears to him, "see how many they are, and how strong!" "It is *very easy* to say, 'Yes,' so give up the Truth, and they will love you, you may become an archbishop!" "You are but a poor monk, and if you dare to say it, they will burn you!" "Look at them all, your life is in their hands!" But, No! His fears stopped. Once more he looked up to the God of Truth, who was near him. Then the people seemed very far off; and with little fear and a loud voice, he gave his answer, "*Here I am, God help me, I neither can nor will retract anything.*"

W. Well done, Luther!

Win. Ah, but think what made him able to do it! It was because he felt that he was before God. Now learn this dear children, that as long as you live you are before God too! At all times if you speak the truth, no real harm will happen to you. If you can say to yourself, "I am not doing wrong," then, you will not feel afraid.

Mar. But did they not kill Martin Luther?

Win. No. The assembly were amazed. The Princes could hardly hide their admiration. Many of them felt that God was with him, and that Friar Martin was the greatest man in the room. With that word of Truth, he conquered the grandeur of kings. He shook the Pope on his throne, so that he was despised by thousands. Then, the Truth which John Huss had preached, the seed which he had sown, began to grow mightily; and, it is now, under God's blessing, working out the salvation of the world.



A Letter From Weare, N. H.

In the stillness of this Holy Sabbath evening, I sit down to write a few lines to the little bright eyed boys and girls who read the MYRTLE. I wonder whether any of you have ever stayed away from Sunday School because "it rains," or "it snows." If you have, do not do so again, unless you will expose your health by being out. Often our most interesting and profitable lessons come on stormy Sabbaths. Then, too, we always feel happy when we overcome obstacles, that we may be present, where we can learn something about our Saviour, and something about our life duties, and gaining strength faithfully to perform them.

Shall I tell you about our session to-day? First, let me say that we have no pastor, and only a few days preaching during the year. Our school meets at the church, at eleven o'clock every Sabbath morning during the year. We do not discontinue our school during cold weather, any more than we discontinue eating, or reading, or any other pleasant or useful exercise. To be sure, some of the members are obliged to walk several miles, but all feel well paid for the trouble and inconvenience they experience in getting there.

This morning the rain poured down, and it was really very uncomfortable being out. The travelling was very bad, too. Yet fifty-three were present. Among them was a gentleman from Washington, D. C., who told us about the Universalist Sunday School there, and his class of bright boys. And another was there, not quite a stranger, for most of us had seen him before,—an old man, with a poor crippled body, but with a mind, a spirit pure and bright. His legs are drawn up under him, his feet turn back, he has never walked one step on them, he hobbles on crutches. His hands and arms are also deformed, so is his face.

After the regular exercises of the school, our superintendent asked him to say a word to the school. Resting upon his crutches, he said, "Dear children, I am happy to be with you to-day. I am glad to see your bright and happy faces. Your beautiful songs have cheered my heart. Now I have a word of advice to give you. Continue to come to the Sunday School and learn all you can. Do the best you can, and always be contented with your lot. We must not expect perfect happiness here, but O how many blessings we have. We all have some trials, but God always knows what is best for us. Trust in Him children at all times, for he is good and loves us."

If this man, with a sensitive spirit confined for more than sixty years to such an unsightly body, can express such perfect confidence in the goodness of our Heavenly Father, ought not we who have feet and hands which we can freely use, to be contented and thankful! But ought we not to be careful that our feet walk in right paths, and that our hands are employed in doing good.

So you see, children, that the lessons of this morning were a contemplation of our blessings, contentment, and confidence in God's dealings with us. How much these lost who stayed at home because it was a rainy morning.

L. F.



Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXIV.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

"I am the resurrection and the life."

SCRIPTURE, — John xi. 1-45.

Question. — What word was sent to Jesus in his retreat beyond Jordan?

Answer. — John xi. 3.

Q. — What did Jesus say this sickness should be for?

A. — John xi. 4.

Q. — After remaining two days where he was, what did he say to his disciples?

A. — John xi. 7.

Q. — What objection to going to Bethany, did his disciples mention?

A. — John xi. 8.

Q. — How far was Bethany from Jerusalem?

A. — John xi. 18.

Q. — Why did Jesus fear no danger in going near to Jerusalem?

A. — John xi. 9, 10.

Q. — When Jesus assured his disciples that Lazarus was not dead but sleeping, what suggestion did they make against going into Judea?

A. — John xi. 12.

Q. — Why was Jesus glad that he was not at the home of Mary and Martha?

A. — John xi. 14, 15.

Q. — When they found that Jesus was determined to go to Bethany, what did Thomas say?

A. — John xi. 16.

Q. — What did Jesus learn respecting Lazarus as he came near to Bethany?

A. — John xi. 17.

Q. — When the sisters heard that Jesus was coming, what did Martha do?

A. — John xi. 20.

Q. — What did Martha say to Jesus when she met him?

A. — John xi. 21, 22.

Q. — When Jesus assured her that Lazarus should rise again, what did Martha say?

A. — John xi. 24.

Q. — What did Jesus assure her respecting himself?

A. — John xi. 25.

Q. — What other life beside that of the body shall the believer have?

A. — John xi. 26.

Q. — Of what was Martha convinced respecting Jesus?

A. — John xi. 27.

Q. — What did Martha secretly tell Mary?

A. — John xi. 28.

Q. — When Mary met Jesus what did she say to him?

A. — John xi. 32.

Q. — When Jesus saw the grief of Mary, what did he ask of her?

A. — John xi. 34.

Q. — Had he evidently endeavored to suppress his feelings to ask this question?

A. — John xi. 33.

Q. — What did he do immediately after asking the question?

A. — John xi. 35.

Q. — When Jesus arrived at the cave, what order did he give?

A. — John xi. 39.

Q. — Why did he pray after the stone was removed?

A. — John xi. 42.

Q. — When he had prayed, what did he do?

A. — John xi. 43.

Q. — Did his word have power?

A. — John xi. 44.

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